

POETRY.

From the Southern Rose.
The Blind Negro Communicant.
A Sketch from Life.

The Saviour's feast was spread. Group after group
From Zion's scattering band, now silent throng'd
Around the sacred table, glad to pay
(As far as sinful erring men can pay)
Their debt of gratitude, and share anew
The plain memorial of his dying love.
All ranks were gather'd there. The rich and poor:
The ignorant and wise: the tear-wet soul,
And the glad spirit yet in sunshine clad:
All, with their many hopes and cares and griefs,
Sought, quiet and unmarked, their 'customed place—
And still at the full banquet there was room.—
It was a solemn season: and I sat
Wrapt in a cloud of thought, until a slow
And measured footstep fell upon my ear,
And when I turned to look, an aged man
Of three score years and ten appeared to view.
It was the blind communicant! He came,
Led by a friendly hand, and took his place
Nearest the table with a reverend air,
As if he felt the spot was holy ground—
There was a perfect hush!—The hour was come!
The symbols were disclosed, and soon there rose
The sweet tones of the shepherd of his flock,
Telling once more the story of the cross;
And as he spoke, in sympathy I gazed
Upon the blind old pilgrim by my side.
The sight was touching! As the pastor taught,
In accents all subdued, how Jesus bore
The flight of friends, the stern denial vow,
The spear, the thorns, the agonizing cross,
With want, shame, persecution, torture, death.
The old man shook, convulsed; his ebon brow
Grew pallid in its hue; a few big tears
Ran trickling down his cheek, and from his lip
Methought there came the words, 'Lord is it I?'
But when there stole upon each listening ear
And throbbing heart, that prayer of matchless love,
'Father forgive them!' then he clasped his hands
And bowing his head upon his breast,
Wept, even as a weaned child might weep.
There was a change! The bread and wine were brought,
He wiped the gushing drops from his thin cheek—
Bowed solemnly—received them both—then paused,
—Till raising his dull eyeballs up to heaven,
As asking for a blessing on the rite,
He broke the bread, receiving the goblet close
Within his withered hands; restored it safe—
Then while a peaceful smile illumed his face,
Sank back as in an ecstasy of bliss.
The parting hymn was sung, and oft I pause'd
And stopped to listen, as the old man's voice,
Broken and shrill, sought too to mingle in
With melodious tones, and though his lip
Utter'd no music, yet I joyed to know
The heart was all linked melody within.
Christ's seal was stamp'd anew upon each soul;
The solemn rite was finished, and the band
Warm'd to each kindly touch of human love
Moved, full of thoughtful cheerfulness along
The quiet church-yard, where gay sunbeams danced
On the white marble tomb, and bright flowers made
A pleasant home for Death; while 'mongst them all
The blind communicant went groping on,
Along his midnight path. The sight was sad!—
My heart yearned for him—and I longed for power
To say as the disciples said of old,
'Blind man! receive thy sight,' and in the night
Of strong compassion, I could e'en methought,
Have entered his dark prison-house awhile,
And let him gaze, in turn, on the blue skies,
And the glad sunshine, and the laughing earth.
But I soon own'd a sense of higher things,
And in the heart's soft dialect I said,
Old soldier of the cross, 'tis well with thee!
Thy warfare is nigh finished; and though earth
Be but an utter blank, yet soon thou'lt gaze
On that bright country where thy God shall be
The never-setting Sun; and Christ, thy Lord,
Will lead thee through green pastures, where the still
And living waters play.—And though thou art
A creature lonely and unprized by men,
Yet thou may'st stand a prince 'mongst princes when
The King makes up his jewels! M. E. L.
Charleston, S. C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE BATTLE OF LONG-ISLAND.

From a Discourse delivered before the New-York Historical Society.

BY SAMUEL WARD, JR.

ALL knowledge is but history. Each fragment of the material world reveals a story of time and change, remote and endless. The principle is derived from facts, which symbolize the histories of observation and experiment, and these, in turn, involve those of the sage and philosopher, of their predecessors, and of by-gone ages. Upon each visible object is written, in familiar or in unknown characters, its history; and if we but knew the physiognomy of inanimate as well as of living creatures, earth, stone and plant would exhibit, as indeed they often do, to the naturalist, expressions as indicative of their past, as is man's countenance, with its furrow of care, or smile of joy, with passions' glow or its ashes, of his life and actions. The face of the globe, with the living imprint of God's hand upon it, unfolds a chapter in the history of the display of omnipotence, and we personify the history of our race, embodying its undying passions and imperfections, and reproducing its mortal and perishable beauty. The variegated cheek and scented breath of the flower, fade and expire in autumn; the vegetative life abides until the coming spring. All these proclaim the insignificance of time, the majesty of eternity.

While the history of human nature is indelibly traced in each successive family of men, that of human creations has to be recorded in the archive, and rescued from the crumbling column. The work of the Almighty, the living principle and its attendants, dies not; the traces of men's labor are washed away by the succeeding tide. But here and there, where the forms have been preserved, they seem, when compared to the divine productions, not unlike the precise diagram, beside the harmonious and waving outlines of external nat-

ural beauty. The history we cultivate is the natural history of society, of the joint efforts of bodies of men, to render the earth habitable for its increasing populations, and these, in turn, worthy the dwelling's protection, and grateful for its nourishment. Do not the nations of antiquity appear to have lived, and flourished and toiled, that we might succeed to their power, inherit their experience, and reap the fruits of their labors? So also are we the servants of posterity. The road is an emblem of the destiny of those who made it; built for the use of a generation, passed over as the path to some near or distant land, succeeding races inquire not whose hands constructed it. They, too, are travelling toward their journey's end.

History and time are ours; the index and dial-plate which measure our span, the foundations of our knowledge, and the standard of our computation, the instruments of spiritual and material comparison. But the one sits, like a queen, upon a throne, robed in purple, a sceptre in her hand, and on her brow a diadem, wherein each race of men enshrine a new jewel. Heroes and statesmen are her courtiers, and the brightest shapes of human intelligence hover around her. The other is creation's slave, fate's executioner; unerringly reckoning the debt of man and of nature, the minutes of life, the seasons of the year. He reaps, with a pitiless scythe,

Harvests of souls by Hope matured,
Garlands of self-devoted flowers;
The spirit bright to life scarce lured,
The heart that mourns its saddened hours.

Had authentic records preserved for us the whole experience of nations, the precious inheritance would have permanently advanced our material progress; and in a still greater degree will the heritage of accurate memorials of the men and events of modern civilization, of the motives of the one, and the causes of the other, enlighten posterity in the path of human improvement. The traces of early society are proofs of material and sensual progress; as for instance, the pyramid, and the bracelet upon the arm of the lonely king entombed within its giant walls. These are points of departure; for the distance accomplished may be measured; not so the route beyond. It is true, we know the virtues or the crimes of a few, in those days, when nations rose and fell, even as they now expand, and when the many felt not. They are now the lords of the earth. But only since the *fat lux* of Guttenberg, have 'the people' begun to realize their long-withheld inheritance; and events are now chronicled less to gratify the pride of the living, or the curiosity of the unborn, less for purposes of narration and romance, than to show the increased capabilities of man, and swell the page of his moral experience.

Apart from the higher, the epochal incidents in the life of humanity, the epitomes of years, deeds, and nations, there are events which do not claim to be inscribed upon the page of general history; and yet, from the deep local influence they once exercised, still preserve a commemorative interest, and convey an impressive lesson. The great war of our independence is rife with such illustrations. Its memories and heroes crowd so thickly near us, that its history cannot yet be written. But as each day adds to the legendary store, and we draw nigh the hour when it may be traced, time silently distils the mass of events, and the mingled vapors which ascend from the alembic, will be condensed by impartiality into truth.

The events we are about to recall, occurred in New York and its vicinity, between the months of September, 1775, and September, 1776. I am aware that these varying scenes and imperfect sketches may resemble a phantasmagoria, rather than pencillings of men and of actions.—But they will be exhibited upon a curtain, stained with as noble blood as was ever shed in the cause of freedom; and though the hand that holds the transparent glass, be a feeble one; though faint the colors, and indistinct the outlines; the personages and scenes are not fictitious or fanciful; but once stood gallantly forth, with drawn sword or levelled musket, relieved by a battle-cloud rising from ground so near, that a cannon fired there at this moment, would startle with its reverberations the peaceful echoes around us.

The revolution was hardly three months old. But already from the cradle of liberty it had strangled its serpents at Lexington and Bunker Hill. The American army, encamped around Boston, owned Washington's command, and held at bay the beleaguered British. In the oppressed colonies, a spirit of resistance had or ganized the resolute yeomanry; and with the victories inscribed upon the national escutcheon, the patriotic chord was vibrating in every heart. War had not yet disturbed our goodly city, which lay in unconscious repose, on the mellow night of the twenty-third of August, 1775. One or two riots, the result of political faction, rather than of unadulterated rebellion, alone gave tokens of a turbulent spirit.—The English Governor, Tryon, still dwelt here, an object of courtesy, though of mistrust. In the North River, off the fort, lay the Asia, a British man-of-war, with whose presence people had become familiar. The public mind was in a state of vague apprehension. It remained for its hopes and fears to assume a definite shape.

Toward midnight, our forefathers were aroused from their first slumbers, by the thunder of artillery. At that silent hour, the ominous sounds were unwelcome visitants. The cannon peals were relieved by the sharp discharge of musketry; and the stillness that ensued, was occasionally broken by the hasty footsteps of one summoned to his duty, with unbuckled sabre trailing on the ground, or by the agitated cry of a helpless woman, fleeing from the audible danger. Drums beat to arms, volley after volley announced the continuation of strife; and the half-wakened dreamer no longer mistook these cries of war for echoes of the eastern battles. As the night advanced, one body of men succeeding another was revealed by the blaze of torches, and the cumbrous wheels of the field-piece they were dragging, seemed to leave reluctantly the scene of conflict. By and by, troops of dwellers in the lower part of the town, escaped thro' the streets, from their menaced or shattered abodes, in confusion and fear. Was the enemy in the city? the battery taken? Were the troops forced to retreat before a victorious foe? These interrogatories were breathed rather than spoken, or if put, were not answered. It was a memorable night, and something seemed to have delayed the approach of morning.

The town was early astir. At break of day, many inhabitants were seen issuing from their dwellings, and wending their way to the battery. To those already assembled there, when night uprolled her curtain of clouds, the glowing dawn that shot over our noble bay, disclosed traces of disorder,

and ravages of cannon-ball, on the one hand, and on the other, the smoke still ascending from the angry artillery to the powder-stained rigging of the Asia. Moreover the field-pieces, which but yesterday guarded the battery, were gone. These the timid accepted as tokens of danger, and prepared to depart; the intrepid hailed them as auspicious omens of future victories.

The twenty-one pieces of ordnance had been removed, by order of the Provincial Congress. Captain John Lamb's artillery corps, and the 'Sons of Liberty,' headed by 'King Sears,' were the heroes of the adventure. The efforts of the enemy to protect these royal stores, had proved unavailing. Warned of the intended movement, Captain Vandepuit, of the Asia, detached an armed barge to watch, and if needful, interfere with its execution. A musket discharged from this boat, drew Captain Lamb's volley, and a man on board was killed. The Asia fired three cannon. The drum beat to arms in the city. The man-of-war sustained the cannonade. Three citizens were wounded, and the upper parts of various houses near Whitehall and the Fort, received much injury. A son of Captain Lamb, whose regiment covered the cannon's retreat, is now living in this city, and in the rooms of the 'Historical Society' may be seen one of the very balls fired into New York that night.

Captain Sears, the other leader of this exploit, was one of our earliest patriots. As far back as the fifth of March, 1775, in an encounter between the Whigs and Tories, the latter, being worsted, were said to have dispersed, lest King Sears, as he was called in ridicule, in his fury should head a mob and do them some capital injury. He had been a member of the New York Provincial Congress, had acted a conspicuous part in the excitements occasioned by the Boston Port Bill, and was in after months warmly recommended by General Washington to Major General Lee, for his zeal and fidelity. Immediately after this affair, he disappeared from our city, and sought, in Connecticut, livelier sympathies than were then to be encountered here.

A detailed account of the Asia affair, and of its consequences, may be found in the columns of the 'New York Gazette,' a newspaper issued in those days from the south-east corner of Wall and Pearl streets, by one James Rivington, a loud-voiced royalist. It is almost impossible to turn over its time-stained leaves, filled with the records of frivolity and faction, of benevolence and crime, of the current opinions and absurdities, and of the wants and supplies of an olden day, without reflecting on that strangest feature of modern times, the press, or imagining how different would be our views of remote ages had the nations we admire, possessed so authentic a source of history. The Romans have been shown, by a recent French writer,* to have had their journals; but these did not, like ours, chronicle the wishes and feelings, the hopes and the vices of the many; else we should not eternally deplore lost decades, or incur danger of having our early faith controverted by the ingenuity of a Nibbuhl.

James Rivington was then the editorial and proprietary publisher of the 'New York Gazette,' and as the opposite party subsided in the expression of its political sentiments, and loyalism was no longer in terror of a Sears, he not only gave frevent to his own views, but so far forgot himself, as sadly to abuse those of his radical neighbors. Emboldened by their quiet reception of his denunciations, he expressed these in still more forcible ones, and doubtless exulted in this victory over whig opinions.

It was high noon, on Thursday the twenty-third of November. The Gazette had been issued that morning, and the worthy editor was seated in his cabinet, examining the new-born sheet, just like any gentleman of the press of our day, when the sound of hoofs on the pavement beneath, drew his attention to the window. Looking out into the street, he beheld with dismay, his old enemy, King Sears, at the head of an armed troop of horsemen, drawn up before his door. The men and their leader dismounted with the utmost deliberation, and a part of them entered the printer's abode. A few moments after, he saw his beloved printing-press cast into the street, and heard the tumult raised in the compositor's room above him, by his engaged in the work of demolition. To his despair, the materials thrown upon the pavement were speedily transferred to the dock, and the invaders sallied forth with many a pound of precious types in their pockets and handkerchiefs. A large crowd, collected by so unusual an event, stood aloof, quiet spectators of the scene. The cavaliers remounted their steeds, and rode off toward Connecticut, whence they came, and where, as was subsequently ascertained, the offending types were melted down to bullets. Thus liberty assailed the freedom of the press, and the balls whilome cast with joy into types reassumed their pristine shape and destination; the ploughshare was re-converted to the sword.

Although no opposition was offered to these proceedings by the body of citizens assembled near Rivington's door, there stood upon a neighboring stoop, a lad of eighteen years of age, with an eye of fire, and an angry arm, haranguing the multitude, in a tone of earnest eloquence. He urged that order should be preserved; appealing warmly to the dignity of citizenship, 'which,' said he, 'should not brook an encroachment of unlicensed troops from another colony; and offering to join in checking the intruders' progress. The sins of Rivington could not be forgiven; but the youthful orator was listened to with respectful deference by that crowd, which already recognized the genius and fervor of ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

On the following Thursday, no Gazette appeared. Whether on this account, or because the town dignitaries were really incensed, this typographical execution created much sensation in the province. Fancying it a trampling on their authority, and a reproach to their vigilance, the New York Congress complained to Gov. Trumbull of Connecticut; and demanding a restitution of the abducted types, they observed that the present contest ought not to be sullied by an attempt to restrain the liberty of the press. We shall not pause to weigh the political considerations involved in this inter-colonial dispute, which may have been the first respecting state rights.—While New York and Connecticut were at issue, poor Rivington went off to England, and there the matter ended. This event was deemed worthy the attention of congress, and seemed of sufficient importance to be laid before the reader. It is, moreover, the only remarkable incident which preceded the arrival of General Charles Lee in New York.

*M. Victor Lecle.

Early in 1776, this brave but headstrong officer, begged to be despatched from Boston to Connecticut, for the purpose of raising volunteers, and of reinforcing the New Jersey and New York battalions under his command. With Governor Trumbull's aid, General Lee succeeded in levying twelve hundred men among the zealous inhabitants of that spirited province, and reached New York with his recruits on the fourth of February. He was met on the frontier by the earnest entreaty of the committee of safety, who exercised the powers of government during the recess of our Provincial Congress, that he should pause upon the borders of Connecticut. Captain Parker, of the Asia man-of-war, had menaced the town with destruction, should it be entered by any large body of provincials. Undismayed by these threats, and disregarding the prayer of the timid corporation, Lee crossed the confines. Immediately after his arrival, conscious of the designs of the British in this vital quarter, and of the need of entire harmony between himself and the local authorities, he induced congress to take its jurisdiction out of the hands of these officers, and to detach from their own body a committee of three, who, with the council and himself, were to confer upon a plan of defence. His orders were to fortify the town, to disarm all persons unfriendly to the American cause, and especially to watch and counteract the movements of a band of Tories assembled on Long Island; 'serpents,' says he, in his characteristic manner, 'which it would be ruinous not to crush before their rattles are grown.' This duty we may fancy him to have undertaken with peculiar satisfaction. The operations of these Tories and of Governor Tryon, their Corypheus, would prove an interesting theme of research. It may be remarked, *en passant*, that though the city of New York was stained in those days by strong imputations of Toryism, the stigma was unjust. In mixtures of colors, it requires but little of a darker hue to deepen the brightest tints; and General Lee found the majority 'as well affected as any on the continent.'

During the short period of his stay, this officer's proceedings were extremely active. His intended fortifications were projected on a comprehensive scale. With an intelligent eye, he embraced the extensive localities to be defended, and detected their vulnerable points. A redoubt and battery at Hellgate were destined to prevent the passage of the enemy's ships to and fro in the Sound. Similar works were contemplated on the North River and the oppugnable portions of the town were reformed and strengthened. Long-Island was too important a field to escape his vigilance; and he fixed, for the location of an entrenched camp, upon the very spot which subsequently became the scene of conflict.

It were presumptuous, may useless, to attempt to picture New York as she then was, when so many readers, far more vividly than the writer, realize from memory the vast alterations less than half a century has produced in the metropolis of the new world. On the walls of the New-York Historical Society rooms hang various interesting maps, whereby some idea may be formed of those ancient features and dimensions, from which, to the present magnitude of our city, the transition is as unparalleled as it seems incredible. The old Knickerbocker town is laid down on one map, as it existed under the Stuyvesant dominion. In another may be found the English city, before and after that disastrous fire, of which the ravages are delineated in a separate drawing, by an ancient eye-witness. General Lee's letters represent military operations not easily traced upon the transformed surface. Broadway was barricaded two hundred yards in the rear of the dismantled fort, and all the streets leading to it were to be defended by barriers. He speaks, too, of erecting batteries on an eminence behind Trinity church, to picture what to one's self at the present day, requires no little stretch of the imagination.

I know not whether these local changes may interest the reader, but to me they seem truthful illustrations of our fleeting destiny. Cities are the theatres of nations, where the busy throng enact an endless and varying drama, full of life and of reality. And, let me ask, what object can fill with a lonelier sense of desolation the wanderer beneath the sunny skies of Greece, or moon-illuminated heaven of Italy, than the crumbling walls, the deserted benches, the voiceless echoes of the theatre where the living impersonations of the poet's fancy were once defied by the enthusiasm of the crowd? When the ruins of an old city become in turn the foundations of a new one, the pilgrim vainly seeks the traces of the past, and the lesson becomes still more impressive.

[To be continued.]

Progress of Reform.

The brutal barbarism of Mahomedan rule has, during the present century, been greatly modified and ameliorated by the gradual inroads of European civilization. Peace set the better elements of humanity in motion; and the facilities of communication which the present generation has bro't into being, have shown the eastern world how much it had fallen into arrears with the wisdom of the west. Mussulman pride was reproved and convinced by the perpetual presence of superior Christian intelligence. Steamers upon the Nile and the Uprates—chemical works, and polytechnic schools at Memphis—steam engines and lighting-conductors [on Mount Lebanon,—Arabia, Ethiopia, Mesopotamia, Syria,—the Bedouin of the desert, the Khurd of the mountain, the Turkoman of the plain, clad in garments shipped from the Mersey or the Clyde—speak more for the progress of knowledge and of felicity than the triumphs of the most fortunate conqueror, and prove that prejudice and intolerance have been giving way to the benign influence of commerce. In many parts of the East—(let many parts of England hear the glad tidings, and act accordingly)—toleration has completely triumphed. Mahomet Ali has elevated Christians to the highest functions of government. Even in Turkey instruction in many of the mechanical arts and sciences has been sought for among European Gaiours.—In Egypt and Syria a man may travel in Christian costume with perfect security; and the distinctions of dress which for so many generations represented the degradation of one-half of society, and the domination of the other, have for the most part been removed.—Christian Reformer.

Maxims of Bishop Middleton.—Persevere against discouragements. Keep your temper. Employ leisure in study, and always have some work on hand. Be punctual and methodical in business and never procrastinate. Never be in a hurry. Preserve self-possession, and do not be talked out of conviction. Rise early, and be an economist of time. Maintain dignity without the appearance

of pride; manner is something with every body and everything with some. Be guarded in discourse; attentive, and slow to speak. Never acquiesce in immoral or pernicious opinions. Be not forward to assign reasons to those who have no right to ask.—Think nothing in conduct unimportant and indifferent. Rather set than follow examples. Practice strict temperance; and in all your transactions, Remember the final account.

Walking—is the best possible exercise; habituate yourself to walk far. The Europeans value themselves upon having subdued the horse to the use of man; but I doubt whether we have not lost more than we have gained by the use of that animal. No one has occasioned so great a degeneracy of the human body. An Indian goes on foot nearly as far in a day, for a long journey as an enfeebled white does on his horse, and he will tire the best of horses. A little walk for half an hour in the morning, when you first rise, is advisable. It shakes off sleep, and produces other good effects in the animal economy.—Jefferson's "Memoirs."

A PRIME LOT OF
BONNETS.
Just received and for sale by
JEWETT, HOWES & CO.
May 4, 1839. 18—if

TO HOUSE-JOINERS!

WANTED, at the Joiner and Carpenter Business, TEN good, steady and faithful workmen, to whom good encouragement will be given.
JOHN T. MILLER.

Montpelier, April 23d, 1839.

Boarding House!

A FEW gentleman boarders can be accommodated with a board, with single rooms if desired, on reasonable terms.
A. CARTER.
Montpelier Village, Jan. 5, 1839. 14f.

JOHN T. MILLER,
ARCHITECT & HOUSE CARPENTER,
BARRE STREET, Montpelier, Vt.
All orders promptly attended to. 12-4f

Notice.

C. W. STORRS having received into co-partnership JAMES R. and GEORGE LANGDON, will continue business at the Langdon store recently occupied by BAYLARS & STORRS, under the firm of STORRS & LANGDONS. And the patronage of their friends and the public generally, is respectfully solicited.
C. W. STORRS,
JAMES R. LANGDON,
GEORGE LANGDON.
Montpelier, April 1, 1839.

ALLEN & POLAND,
Book, Job & Fancy Letter Press
PRINTERS.

HAVING procured from Boston new and elegant founts of the most FASHIONABLE TYPE, are prepared to prosecute the above business, in all its branches; and have no hesitation in saying that all work entrusted to them will be executed in a STYLE NOT INFERIOR to that of any other establishment in VERMONT.
Office, one door West from the Post-Office State st.
Montpelier, January 5th, 1839.

Wanted

IN payment for The Voice of Freedom, by the subscribers, a lot of good dry Wood, also, for accommodation of town subscribers, they will take all articles of produce, usually consumed in a boarding house.
ALLEN & POLAND.

New Arrangement!

THE Subscriber having taken as partner his son, WILLIAM P. BADGER, in the business heretofore conducted by himself, the business will hereafter be done under the firm of J. E. BADGER & SON.
J. E. BADGER.
Montpelier, Feb. 7, 1839. 6-4f

HAT, CAP AND FUR STORE,
STATE ST., MONTPELIER, VT.

J. E. BADGER & SON,
Dealers in

HATS, CAPS, STOCKS, FURS, SUSPENDERS, Gloves, Hosiery, &c. &c., would return their thanks to the citizens of Montpelier and vicinity for their liberal patronage heretofore extended to their establishment, and solicit a continuance of the same.
N. B. Merchants supplied with Hats of all kinds at city wholesale prices.
February 7, 1839. 6-4f

Notice.

THOSE indebted to J. E. BADGER, by note or account, of over six months standing, are requested to call and adjust the same immediately.
J. E. BADGER.
February 7, 1839. 6-4f

THE VOICE OF FREEDOM

Is published every Saturday morning, at \$2 a year, payable in advance. If payment be delayed till the end of the year, Fifty Cents will be added.

Advertisements inserted at the usual rates. Subscriptions, and all letters relating to business, should be addressed to the Publishers: letters relating to the editorial department, to the Editor. Communications intended for publication should be signed by the proper name of the writer. Postage must be paid in all cases. Agents of the Vermont Anti-Slavery Society, and officers of local anti-slavery societies throughout the state, are authorized to act as agents for this paper.
Office, one door West from the Post-Office, State st.

AGENTS.

Brandon, Dr. Hale. Derby, Dr. Richmond.
Jamaica, L. Merrifield, Esq. Perkinsville, W. M. Guilford.
Hubbardton, W. C. Denison. Brookfield, G. Kingsbury Esq.
Norwich, Sylvester Morris. Randolph, C. Carpenter, Esq.
Hartford, Geo. Udall, Esq. East Bethel, E. Fowler, Esq.
Tunbridge, Hervey Tracy. Waterbury, L. Hatchins, Esq.
Stratford, W. Sanborn, Esq. E. S. Newcomb.
Barnet, L. P. Parks, Esq. Waitsfield, Col. Skinner.
Morristown, Rev. S. Robinson. Moretown, Moses Spofford.
Morristown, L. P. Poland, Esq. Warren, F. A. Wright, Esq.
Cornwall, B. F. Haskell. Waterford, R. C. Benton, Esq.
Craftsbury, W. J. Hastings. East Roxbury, S. Ruggles.
Westford, R. Farnsworth. Ferrisburgh, J. T. Robinson.
Essex, Dr. J. W. Emery. Vergennes, J. E. Roberts.
Cunderhill, Rev. E. B. Baxter. Westfield, O. Winslow, Esq.
Barnard, Rev. T. Gordon. Corinth, Insley Dow.
East Barnard, W. Leonard. Williamstown, J. C. Farnam.
Hadden, Perley Foster. Chester, J. Stedman, Esq.
Starksboro', Joel Battey. Springfield, Noah Safford.
St. Albans, E. L. Jones, Esq. Franklin, Geo. S. Gale.
Rutland, R. R. Thrall, Esq. Waterville, Moses Fisk, Esq.
Royalton, Bela Hall, C. C. Hydepark, John Wilson.
Canton, M. Carpenter. Elmore, Abel Camp, Esq.
Danville, M. Carpenter. Hinesburgh, W. Dean.
Glover, Dr. Bates. Burlington, G. A. Allen, Esq.
St. Johnsbury, Rev. J. Morse. Montpelier, J. Martin.
Middlebury, M. D. Gordon. Lincoln, Benj. Taber.
Cambridge, Martin Wires. Calais, Rev. Benj. Page.
Bristol, Joseph Otis. Sudbury, W. A. Williams.
Hinesburgh, John Allen. Pomfret, Nathan Snow.